

It is, fifteen foot shelves,
Two million volumes,
A maze of three hundred creaking dusty giants.
Boundless wealth and the semblance of order,
An observable culmination of human understanding
Yet infinitely finite in answers.

I work there,
Sifting through its contents
With a fine tooth comb.
It is the heart,
The ark,
Impenetrable and yielding,
Sprawling and empty.

Only dust and plaster walls
Only shelves and volumes
Only Los Angeles.
Miles of misery
Broadcast for our entertainment.

The sunlight hardly reaches you
And there dwells a despair for mankind.
Double stacked shelves mean nothing in this state of absence.
Only ghosts browse these pages.

To join my civil sisters and brethren
In the vainglorious march of maddening industry,

To don a suit of armor, buckler, and lance,

To tend the garden of eden,

“Like carving horn, like sculpting ivory, like cutting jade, like polishing stone” - Analects 1.15

Shelving, processing, retrieving, verifying, dreaming, despairing, celebrating.

It's all the same.

“Grand Library” By Joseph Nunez



